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 9.  $\frac{1}{x^{10}} = x^{-10}$   
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## INTERDEPENDENCE IN WOOD LIFE.

VIRGINIA BROWN, '02.

Life in the woods flows on so smoothly that to him who is unfamiliar with "God's out doors" each species of plant and animal appears to move forward toward its destiny unaided and perhaps but slightly hindered by any other form of life.

But this appearance is only upon the surface. Even as there exists an intimate connection between the organs of the same animal, so also the different individuals of the animal and vegetable population stand in intimate reciprocal relations to one another, and to the student of nature, this is manifest in every field, in every woodland, and upon the shore of every ocean.

Every plant and every animal that has ever lived has had its part to play in the ongoing of the earth's history, for every creature in the living of its life, makes possible the existence of other forms of life, and offers a means whereby they may fulfil their destinies.

For instance, many insects feed entirely upon the nectar of certain blossoms, which in turn depend for polonization upon the regular visits of these insects. Let the flowers therefore cease to yield their nectar and the insects perish; let the buzz of the insect's wings be stilled and the flower garden itself soon withers away. Again certain other insects feed upon the leaves of trees and are in turn preyed upon by a multitude of birds. Were it not for the birds to keep down their undue increase, these insects would become so numerous that the trees would be stripped of their leaves, and then when the forests were bare, whence would come the food of the larvae? Thus we see one of the paradoxes of nature, namely that an enemy may be a friend, for in this case the birds render insects a kindness by devouring a large per cent of their young.

In the same way certain rapacious birds feed upon the insect eating birds and keep their numbers so reduced that too many may not appear upon the earth at the same time and the whole race perish for want of food.

To meet the demands thus made upon a race by its enemies, nature provides that an untold number of young be born into the world. All live who can, but the vast majority perish and the struggle for existence is keen and unending, and all this must needs be so, for where competition is great only the best and strongest and fittest survive.

So, unceasingly the battle of life goes on, and every day and every night, on every sea and in every land there are a million tragedies and a million escapes from death, a million failures and a million successes, while each animal and each plant is playing its part in the on moving course of Nature.

A few hundred yards to the north of us lies a wood which retains much of its archaic life and beauty, and here one may study the perfect tangle of relations existing between all the forms of life common to this region, for here the pine groves have their spirits, and in every oak dwells a dryad that is as truly its protector as were the nymphs of the Greek forests long ago, and no creatures of the

ancient imagination were ever more airy and graceful, and withal more useful, than are these little wood-folk of today, who in a modern business-like way take up the cause of the tree because it is their own cause.

Here the nuthatches patrol the Jersey pines, each roving band having a well-defined area over which the individuals keep watch with unceasing vigilance, climbing up and down the trunks, over, under, and around the limbs looking for scale insects, spiders, and the eggs of moths. In winter their ranks are swelled by the kinglets who seek among the outer twigs whatever else might retard the growth of the trees.

The pine warblers, rocked among the soft green waves of their favorite haunts, perform a similar guardian work for the yellow pines. The pines in turn furnish the birds their daily fare, and homes among the murmuring branches. And these homes are not to be despised, for when the winter storms roar through the bare icy limbs of other trees, although the pines toss and moan above the rest, theirs are the boughs that bend most tenderly about the little shivering feathered forms.

But in fairer weather other trees no less than the pines are sought by the birds. A region of hickories, oaks, sweetgums, and maples is a veritable land of plenty for them, for there chickadees, vireos, and warblers find eggs and larvae of insects among the buds and under the leaves, and the lonely brown creeper, in color so closely resembling the lichens on the bark, winds his way up the trunks peering into every nook and crevice, seeking and finding much to devour in the way of ants and spiders. Then too, as soon as the insects begin to try their new spring wings, the pee-wees take their stations among the outermost branches, whence they view the landscape and wheel out in air to catch any flies buzzing in the sunlight—flies whose descendants might destroy their observatory.

Instead of guarding the exterior of trees as do these other birds, the woodpecker, when he suspects any trouble in a limb, taps to locate its position, and, drilling right down to the heart of the

matter, in spite of all squirming protests, spears some boring larva from his vaulted chamber. Not only does the tree supply the woodpecker's dinner, but it serves as a station from which to telegraph his love message. He is no troubadour, like the robin, nor has he the wonderfully soft eyes of the owl, so when his heart overflows with spring, he must resort to a twentieth century method of proposal.

Many of these birds that are thus the protectors of trees and shrubs and weeds, become with the changing seasons the sowers of their seeds. When those soft colored, soft voiced little nuns, the wax wings, no longer feed their nestlings upon elm leaf beetles and insects about fruit, they scatter the seeds of the dogwood, huckleberry, mistletoe, and wild grape. The blue bird by making the crimson clusters of sumach berries his daily bread, not only keeps the tender boughs from breaking with their own weight, but also sows the seeds for miles around.

The goldfinches that catch the midges in the waving wheat fields beyond the park and skim across the college lawn to gather dandelion-down, are reduced in winter to seeking out the beggar's ticks and ragweed in neglected corners of the woods, for there come times even to Mother Carey's own chickadee when the little packets of the shepherd's purse are more precious than if they were filled with pure gold. I have seen these little fluffs of gray feathers on the very bitterest days of winter, clinging head downward to the swaying stem of some old flower, and cheerfully thrashing away to open a pod too strong for the wind to break, but which contained seeds that once set free were light enough to be whirled away to grow up in other fields.

In addition to the birds that sow, and birds that reap harvests of insects from trees and shrubs that others have sown, there are many that pay allegiance to no particular grove, and yet are highly useful to men and cattle, for their wide mouths engulf untold numbers of tormenting insects, many of which are partly dependent upon civilization.

One of these birds that belong so peculiarly to the air is the bow and arrow-like swift that flashes about our sky in what Mr. Seton calls a twinkling flight. Others are that will-o-the-wisp, the bull-bat, that whirls dizzily back and forth over the knoll just north of the college, and the swallow that skims the ploughed field a quarter of a mile to the west.

But it is in the twilight of the deep woods just where the water laughs and the brambles and grape vine twine the alders together in wild confusion that life is seen in its primitive dependence. Many of the vines were planted by the great, great grand parents of the birds that now protect them, and here are formed sheltered galleries into which cardinals and thrushes plunge when danger threatens. When one sees these cool fresh spots where the woodthrush hides and hears his flute like notes that seem to come from the very heart of Mother Nature, one wonders why he, like the hermit thrush, is not called the swamp angel.

Here in the same woods the thrushes dig for earth-worms and the vires seek leaf beetles among the dogwood blossoms and drink dew or rain drops from the trumpets of the azaleas.

However, these and other birds in turn are hunted. Deeper shadows than the night sometimes hover over the boughs and many a little bird has been awakened from his dreams by the sharp talons of an owl, the very goblin of the woods. Yet every owl that carries off a sparrow, and every crow and every squirrel that robs a nest leaves but the fewer mouths to be filled when every pine needle seems a finger of ice pointing in derision at the birds weakened by the struggle "with winter and with death."

Among these animals that hunt and are hunted, little molly cotton tail whose grassy runaways checker the old fields is one of the few that fly the "white flag of peace" to every creature. True the rabbit nips the head of many a baby tree just sending up its first green leaves and bursting with hope of becoming great like mother tree bending over it, but that only makes the conditions of growth more favorable for the older tree, and then "poor beastie, he maun

live." Certainly to the owls and boys and cats and dogs in the neighborhood the rabbits' place in nature is no mean one. Doubtless it is the changing of grass to flesh for their benefit, even as it is the 'possum's place to change a certain puckery red fruit into a form more suited to the taste of his "fore-de-war" enemies, as he hangs by his tail in the persimmon tree. And thereby hangs a tale, for the only 'possum that we know with certainty to have visited the park went to his "long home" via an old time darkie, grinning his fat sweet smile to the last.

In sharp contrast to this sluggish marsupial is the light-footed meadow-mouse. Timid, shrinking creature though he is, he wields no light power over the clover patch, for he feeds largely upon the bumble-bees that go drowsily droning over the summer fields, and these bees are absolutely essential to the life of the red clover, the shape of the corolla being such that only the bumble-bee is adapted to securing and distributing the pollen.

Like the clover, all of the sweet scented gaily painted flowers are partly or wholly dependent upon birds or insects for the transference of pollen from the stamens to the pistils. Many are the devices employed by them to beguile passersby into becoming their guests, but however sweet smelling or beautiful the flowers may be no insects will stop with them unless they believe the blossoms hold out such substantial rewards as pollen and honey. So of these commodities they are most careful. Even the going to sleep of blossoms is regulated by visits of insects, that nothing may be wasted. Many that are colonized by sun-loving insects close their petals at evening, while many visited at night wake up when the fire-flies light the valleys.

The primrose, though it stays open all day, saves its fragrance until sunset to attract the sphinx moth that flies in the evening, for the cup of the blossom is so deep that only the sphinx can drain it and in the meantime fertilize the flower. The yellow blossoms are the very places for these dainty pink winged creatures to be happy



in, and often they spend the day asleep in the silken cradles, swaying back and forth in the summer breezes.

The humming-birds are on a different mission when their cloud like wings carry them in and out among the honeysuckles and roses, for "there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean to be some happy creature's palace," and these little flitting flowers are seeking the inmates when they plunge their bills into the honey-suckle's or wood-bine's horn of plenty, yet they are at the same time performing for these flowers the work of polonization which the sphinx moth performs for the primrose.

These, that is the humming-birds and the sphinx moths, the luna moths, the painted ladies, the sulphur butterflies and the regal fritillaries are the oreads that dance through our woods carrying new life to the flowers. Many species of them flutter about the violets and buttercups that grow near the college barn lot just where the grass is set with dandelion stars that twinkle when the wind passes over them.

On a hillside further over in the park, all winter long the pine-needles keep the bluets wrapped warm, and in the spring the flowers weave a bright pattern in the worn old carpet. Then the brown butterflies and the little meadow fritillary carry the pollen back and forth among the blossoms. As the smile in the sky grows brighter, the bluets become deeper and deeper blue, and when the August sun pours down upon the earth and the flowers are gone, their leaves together with the grass save a little moisture for the pines towering above them.

All of the flowers that love the shade must thank the trees in whose shadows they bloom. From the falling leaves of the beeches is moulded the loam which nourishes the wind flowers and hepaticæ sprinkling the banks of the streams. These flowers in turn keep the soil from washing down the slope, and attract the worms that spend their days tilling the soil about the roots of the trees.

Nothing is useless or low. As long as there is an atom of substance left, Nature uses it for the good of something else. Even

the vulture has his place. The tragedies in wild life provide a varied and unfailing menu for his gruesome banquets, and the crumbs from his feasts are eagerly gathered by carrion ants and beetles to be resolved into useful form.

There is life everlasting out of doors. In spring time the crumbling stumps blossom out in crimson fungi; in the autumn they are crowned with toad-stools. Vines clamber over the old logs mouldering in moss and mire, and make them fitting castles for myriads of insects hidden away there.

"The busy hands of Nature are ever weaving the beautiful garment of life out of the strands of death, and nothing is lost that yields itself to her quiet handling."

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## SOME WORTHY GOVERNORS OF NORTH CAROLINA DURING THE PROPRIETARY PERIOD.

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ALMA PITTMAN, '02, AND SALLIE TUCKER, '02.

One of the first acts of Charles II. of England after he became king was to issue a grant of a very large territory of American land to eight of his friends, English Lords. These men were called "The Lord's Proprietors" of Carolina. Their rule lasted about sixty-six years, and is known in our history as the "Proprietary Government." It is our purpose to give brief sketches of some of our worthy rulers during this period of our State's history. The records of this early life of our State are so scattered and incorrect that we can find but little of the character, or ability to govern, of any of these men. The first one that we shall mention is Governor William Drummond.

Drummond was an immigrant to Virginia from Scotland. He was possibly a kinsman of the Scottish poet, William Drummond, of Horthornden. At the time of his appointment as Governor of Albemarle he was living in Virginia, and was a friend of Governor Berkeley. There were at this time two counties in the State, Albemarle and Clarendon. Each had its own separate government. Drummond's title was "Governor of the County of Albemarle, in the Province of Carolina." These counties corresponded, in size, to our present congressional districts.

From much internal evidence, such as documents bearing names of settlers, we are led to believe that there was quite a number of inhabitants in Carolina at the beginning of his term of office. Drummond, like most of the Scotchmen who came to America, was industrious, energetic and attentive to business. That he made a good governor is very evident from the fact that the people of Carolina liked him very much. As he was our first governor it is

pleasant to know that he was a man of good character, and highly esteemed, and of a good family.

One of Drummond's first acts on his accession to office was to arrange with the settlers already in Albemarle concerning the terms by which they might retain their lands. These settlers were people who, coming to North Carolina for various reasons, had settled here. They managed their own affairs, and were under no authority. When King Charles II. of England issued a grant of the land between thirty degrees and thirty-six degrees of latitude, and westward indefinitely, these people found themselves within the territory of the grant. Much of the trouble the Proprietors had with the Carolinas was from this cause: The people first having known a life free from restraint had no mind to be ruled by the Proprietors. That Drummond was able to adjust the affairs is proof of his wisdom and prudence. His administration was marked by prosperity throughout the Colony. He visited different parts of the country and because of his interest in his people was very popular with them.

He resigned his position in 1667 and returned to Virginia. At this time the population numbered 4,000 inhabitants in Albemarle. Upon his return to Virginia, he soon became involved in a rebellion of the Virginia people against Governor Berkeley.

It seems that Berkeley's long rule of misgovernment had reached its climax. The Indians had risen against the colonists, and Berkeley, for personal reasons, did not provide proper defence. Drummond, with his passionate love for liberty, which love, it is said, was acquired in North Carolina, joined with Bacon, the leader of the rebellion. The rebellion resulted in failure, and the people were beaten and forced to submit. Some of the rebels fled, some surrendered, and some were captured. Berkeley took revenge by hanging all who came into his hands. Gov. Drummond was one of these. He was brought before Berkeley, probably in irons, and was saluted with mock courtesy. "Good morning, Mr. Drummond," said Berkeley, making a low bow, "you are welcome. I

had rather see you than any one else. You shall be hanged in half an hour." Turning to his attendants, he ordered a trial, sentenced Gov. Drummond to death, and had him executed as soon as the scaffold could be built. Thus Gov. Drummond died, the first martyr to popular liberty. Drummond's Point on Albemarle Sound, and Lake Drummond in Dismal Swamp, are both named in honor of this brave and worthy man, Gov. William Drummond.

Drummond was succeeded by Samuel Stephens. Gov. Stephens was a good and able governor, but his administration was marred by the plan of government drawn up by Lord Shafesbury and John Locke, known as the "Fundamental Constitutions." This system of government was resisted by the people and declared wholly unsuited to their conditions. The record of Stephens' administration is very brief, almost nothing is said of him. He died an old man in 1674, and was succeeded by Carteret.

In 1689, Philip Ludwell came, as governor, to Albemarle. He had been a collector of customs in Virginia and an adherent of Gov. Berkeley. Though he did not do much for the State, yet he was not a bad governor. He was governor of Albemarle for four years, but resided most of the time in Virginia. He tried to carry out the wishes of the Lords Proprietors consistent with the prosperity of the colonists. Finding this could not be done, he gladly welcomed an opportunity to resign his office. He was sent to Charleston to take charge of the Southern Province.

Philip Ludwell was succeeded by Major Alexander Lillington, who was appointed deputy governor in 1693. There is very little known of him, or of his administration. We know this—that he discharged the duties of his office with wisdom. He was the founder of a family widely known and revered in North Carolina. The most important event of his administration was the abrogation of the famous "Fundamental Constitutions." The name of the legislative body became the Assembly instead of Parliament, after the "Fundamental Constitutions" were abolished.

In 1695, Gov. Lillington was succeeded by Thos. Harvey. John

Archdale, at the same time was given a general commission as governor of both provinces. The selection of Gov. Archdale was most fortunate. Imbued with the peaceful and wise tenets of his religious belief, and the true principles of democracy that it inculcated, like his great predecessor, William Penn, his administration was prudent, wise and salutary, and won for him the affection of the colonists. An advocate for the freedom of conscience, he wisely avoided the religious disputes, between the zeal of the high church party and the great body of the people, which had so much excited the colonists.

He first went to Charleston and restored peace and order there. He next went to Albemarle, where, we are told, he found many of his own religious faith—Quakers or Friends, as they are called. He made wise and just regulations, and made friendly relations with the Indians. Although surrounded by dangerous and savage tribes no conflict was apprehended, because no offence was committed. Penn's treaty with the Indians in Pennsylvania has received the plaudits of all ages. Made unlike other treaties, without any formality of oaths; and unlike others, it was never violated. So Archdale acted. He established in our jurisprudence the great principle that those who, from conscientious scruples, refused to bear arms, should be exempted therefrom from on a certificate from the governor.

Roads were made under skillful surveys, and oppressive trade regulations and quit rents were abolished. A council satisfactory to the colonists was appointed, and quarrels between the Lords Proprietors and the colonists were settled. The course of his conduct was such that the freemen of the colony declared that "by his wisdom, patience and labor, Gov. Archdale laid a foundation for a most glorious superstructure."

His character deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by the people of North Carolina. The effects of his sagacity introduced system and union into the colony, and his name should be perpetuated by a more enduring monument than it has yet received. Un-

fortunately, he remained but a short time then returned to England. Of all the Proprietary governors, John Archdale was the best.

In 1699, Henderson Walker was made governor. Gov. Walker was a lawyer of some ability, and had been attorney-general, and judge of the Supreme Court, and was at the time President of the Council. Under his mild rule the inhabitants of North Carolina enjoyed the highest personal liberty. Albemarle was in profound quiet when he died in 1704. Gov. Walker was buried five miles below Edenton, where his monument may be seen to-day. It bears the following inscription: "Here lyes ye body of Henderson Walker, Esquire, President of the Council and Commander-in-chief of North Carolina, during whose administration the Province enjoyed that tranquility which it is to be wished it may never want.

"He departed this life April 14, 1704, aged 44."

This inscription tells more of the nature of Gov. Walker's administration than any other record that we have. Probably the wise rule of Archdale was one great cause of the peace enjoyed during Walker's administration.

In August 1710, Edward Hyde arrived in Albemarle, having been appointed by the Lords Proprietors, Governor of the Province. Edward Tynte, Governor General, of Carolina was ordered to make out the commission of the new Governor of the Northern Province, but he died before Hyde's arrival. Thos. Carey, Deputy Governor of North Carolina, and at the head of an armed force attempted to seize and imprison Governor Hyde. Assisted by an armed force sent from Virginia, Hyde succeeded in quelling the rebellion and restoring order. In 1711, Carey sent John Porter, one of his adherents, to the Tuscarora Indians promising them great rewards if they would massacre all the inhabitants of that part of North Carolina who adhered to Gov. Hyde. The result of this was a dreadful carnage, beginning on the night of September 22, 1711, and continuing for three days. The settlers of Bath and its vicinity suffered to an extent which can not, without harrowing the reader, be described.

Although deprived by accident of official vouchers, he was yet understood and recognized to be the lawful Governor of Albemarle. On Jan. 24, 1712, Hyde was commissioned the first Governor of North Carolina, separate and distinct from South Carolina. During this same month he issued his proclamation granting pardon to all the late insurgents, except Thomas Carey, John Porter and three others. To the horrors of Indian warfare was added that of pestilence. During the year 1712, the scourge of yellow fever fell upon the colony and was fearful in its ravages. Gov. Hyde was one of its victims. Baron de Graffenreid and several of his friends were at Hyde's home at the time of his death. Baron de Graffenried writes: "We all became sick in Mr. Hyde's house, in consequence of the great heat and also, probably of eating too many peaches and apples, so much so that the Governor died [Sept. 1712] in a few days, what also did me much damage—for he was my good friend."

Gov. Hyde was succeeded by Thomas Pollock, who in turn was succeeded by Charles Eden. Charles Eden was appointed Governor of North Carolina on July 13, 1713. Gov. Eden was a polished, genial and popular man in social intercourse and soon became trusted and beloved in all portions of the State. It was during his administration that Edward Teach, the pirate, commonly called "The Black--Beard," carried on his piracies along the coast of North Carolina. The character of Gov. Eden suffered much from a supposed intimacy with Teach. On the pirate's dead body (He was finally captured, and was killed in the struggle against Lieut. Maynard's crew.) was found a letter from Tobias Knight, Gov. Eden's secretary. The letter referred to a secret not to be trusted to paper. This letter was considered proof of Knight's friendship, and the secret referred to, the Governor's guilt.

Moore in Vol. I., page 43, says that "the stories of his connection with Edward Teach can easily be traced to the enmity and ceaseless opposition of Edward Moseley."

He built Eden House just across the bay on Salmon Creek, and



here he spent the latter part of his life. He died on the 17th of March, 1722, and was buried at Eden House, where his monument can still be seen. Eden House is in Bertie county. The stone that marks his grave has this inscription,

" Here lyes ye body of  
Charles Eden, Esq.,

Who governed this Province eight years to the great satisfaction of the Lords Proprietors, and ye ease and happiness of ye people.

He brought the country into a flourishing condition, and died much lamented,

March ye 26, 1722, aetatis 49.

And near this place lyes also, ye body of his virtuous consort, Penelope Eden, who died Jan. ye 4th, 1716,

Aetatis 39,

Vivit

post funera,

Ille

quem virtus non mamor

in aeternum

Sacrat."

In 1720 the name of the settlement on Queen Anne's Creek was called Edenton in his honor.

While North Carolina was under the rule of the Proprietary Governors, she was very unfortunate in having had very incompetent men sent to her from England as Governor. Favoritism and not fitness for office, dictated the selection. Although we have given brief sketches of eight of these Proprietary Governors, by some "Archdale, Hyde and Eden are considered the only Governors sent to the Province who did it much service."

## SOME NORTH CAROLINA WOMEN.

KATE FINLEY, '05.

Little has been written about the women of our State, although many noble daughters have lived within her borders. In time of need they have always shown great endurance and courage. They love their State and train their children in the love of liberty, which is one reason why the North Carolinians are such good soldiers. Since the days of old Lawson every writer of our State has extolled her women. He said, "They are the most industrious sex of that place."

The Scotch-Irish have played a leading part in the history of our State, and have proven themselves a liberty loving people. As a type of our Scotch Irish women we have Mrs. Martha Bell. Her maiden name was McFarland. She was born and reared in Orange, or probably what is now Alamance, County. She was twice married; first to Col. John McGee, a widower, in affluent circumstances; her second choice was William Bell, also a widower. She was a woman of strong mind, ardent in her temperament and remarkably firm and resolute in whatever she undertook. High-minded and conscious of her integrity, and inflexible in her adherence to what she believed to be right, she feared nothing except her Creator.

When Cornwallis was on his way to Wilmington with his army he camped at or near her home, since it was the most comfortable in the neighborhood. He had been informed of her character and treated her with great respect. He asked for the use of a mill on her farm to grind corn for his men. She granted his request on condition that he would not harm it, saying that if he intended to destroy it she would save him the trouble by doing so herself. During the stay of the British she bore herself with characteristic courage. At one time she saved the life of her father when the Tories had planned to kill him. She lived to an old age, an

example of right living, and the world is better for her having passed over its stage.

An interesting little story is told of Ann Fergus, a superior young woman belonging to a prominent Scotch-Irish family of North Carolina. In personal appearance she was tall and graceful. At a party one evening a number of British officers were present, among them a very small man, who was not, however, deficient in self-esteem. During the course of the evening he stepped up to Miss Fergus and asked for a kiss. "Yes, you may have one, if you can get it," she replied. Try as he might the small man could not reach the desired height. The effect was so ludicrous that the soldier fled in confusion and it is said that he never afterwards offered insolence to an American woman.

Margaret McBride was the daughter of Hantz McBride, who lived about ten or twelve miles from the present town of Greensboro. She was a frank, open-hearted girl whom everybody loved. Near her home was a place called "Pine Barrens." This spot was very secluded and became the hiding-place of a band of Tories. A troop of horsemen, on their way to rout the Tories, called at the home of Mr. McBride to be directed to the spot. This duty fell upon Margaret, who performed it bravely and led the horsemen to the hiding place of the Tories.

Among other revolutionary characters is Mrs. Elizabeth Steele. It was at her house, in Salisbury, on the evening of February 1, 1781, that the "Fabius of America," General Greene, arrived. He was worn with travel, hungry, penniless, and downhearted. Mrs. Steele heard him telling Dr. Reed, who had charge of the sick at that place, of the condition of affairs. Her patriotism was aroused and with womanly sympathy she came to his aid. When he had seated himself at a well-spread table before a blazing fire she entered the room, bringing with her two small bags of money. These she handed to him saying, "Take them, for you will need them, and I can do without them."

That night the hero resumed his journey, for the British were

advancing upon Salisbury. In the home of Mrs. Steele was a picture of George III. General Greene wrote these words on the back of the picture: "Oh, George, hide thy face and mourn;" he then turned the face of the picture to the wall. This picture was in possession of Governor Swain at Chapel Hill. Mrs. Steele died November 22, 1790. She was a worthy woman and deserves a place in our history because of her attachment to the cause of America.

Among the women connected with our civil war is the name of Mrs. T. J. Jackson, widow of Stonewall Jackson. Her father, Dr. Morrison, was the first president of Davidson College, but his health failed him and he sought a country home for recovery. Her mother was Mary Graham, daughter of General Joseph Graham, and sister of William A. Graham, who was governor of North Carolina. Miss Morrison was born in Lincoln County. The neighborhood in which she was reared was noted for its excellent society, refinement, and hospitality. The early part of her life was spent in the quiet and contentment of her father's home. The first revelation of the gay world was a visit to Washington, where she spent four months. She then returned home and went with her sister to visit her married sister, Mrs. D. H. Hill, in Lexington, Virginia. Here she met Major Jackson, who was then engaged to another. The following summer he was married and went north on his bridal tour. Miss Morrison returned to North Carolina and for three years remained at home. In the meantime Mrs. Jackson had died and Major Jackson had gone to Europe. After he returned he opened a correspondence with Miss Morrison and soon afterwards they became engaged, and were married July 16, 1857. For a while they lived in Lexington, Virginia. Two children brightened their lives, Mary Graham and Julia. The former died in infancy, Julia grew into womanhood and married Mr. Christian.

Mrs. Jackson was in hearty sympathy with the cause for which her husband fought. His sad end cast a shadow over her life, and later she was called upon to give up her only child. When

Mrs. Christian died she left two children, Julia and Jackson Christian. These children spend the greater part of their time with their grandmother, Mrs. Jackson.

An interesting story is told of Jackson. About three years ago, while handling his gun he was accidentally shot in the face. Not wishing to disturb his grandmother, he quietly phoned for a physician. While the physician was searching for the ball Jackson said, "I don't believe I can stand it." The physician laughingly replied, "It would never do for a grandson of 'Stonewall' Jackson to have a yankee bullet in him." After that Jackson did not murmur but bore the pain unflinchingly.

Mrs. Jackson is characterized by her goodness and unassuming disposition. A few years ago Northern people raised a fund for Mrs. Grant, who accepted it, though she was not in great need. The Southern people decided to raise a fund for the wife of their great leader. This, Mrs. Jackson refused to accept, saying that there were other servants of the Confederate cause who needed it more than she.

She now lives in Charlotte with her two grandchildren. She has written the life of "Stonewall" Jackson, which is interesting and well-worth reading. It is dedicated to Julia and Jackson Christian, and was written at the earnest request of her daughter.

Mrs. Hill, the widow of Gen. D. H. Hill, and a sister of Mrs. Jackson, is now living in Raleigh, where her son has a professorship in our Agricultural and Mechanical College. Mrs. Hill is assisting in the conduct of the "North Carolina Booklet," whose object is to erect a monument to the women of Edenton who composed the Edenton Tea Party.

Among the names of our women who have become noted writers we find, Sara Beaumont Kennedy, an alumna of St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C. She has written stories for the Ladies' Home Journal, Harper's, McClure's, and a number of other publications. She is also the author of Jocelyn Cheshire and several short historic stories whose scenes are in New Bern in the days of Governor

Tryon and of his beautiful, if mythical, sister-in-law, Esther Wake.

We are familiar with the name of Mrs. Spencer, who wielded a strong and helpful influence over the men of our State while at the University. She is the author of a history of North Carolina, "The Last Ninety Days of the War," and numerous short sketches.

Mrs. Tiernan, formerly Miss Frances Fisher, is the daughter of a gallant Confederate soldier. She is known to us as "Christian Reid" and is the author of many books. One of the best known is "The Land of the Sky," a description of a summer tour through the mountains of our State. Like all the women of our Old North State, she is devoted to the "lost cause" and her pen is never so fluent as when it tells of the days and deeds of the Confederacy.

These are but a few of our North Carolina women whose names have come to us through the press. This mention of them is but a suggestion to other writers more capable that they tell our young people of the fine culture and of the heroism of others of our sisters, mothers and grandmothers.

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A MORNING WITH AUNT CINDY.

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JOSIE DAMERON, '05.

Aunt Cindy was an old negro woman who lived on my father's cotton plantation, in the south several years ago. We children used to say that she had a good name, for her face looked as if it were made of cinders. She was very low and almost as large around as she was tall, looking like a tight bag of cotton with a string tied around the middle. We could recognize her at a great distance because she usually wore a red bandanna handkerchief, tied tight around her hair, and a white apron, after the latter was patched upon patches, for she had thirteen little pickaninies to work for. We were always glad to see Aunt Cindy, because she was fond of children and often took us on long rambles through the woods to hunt for sweet gum or to gather wild flowers.

One morning Aunt Cindy, carrying a tremendous cotton basket on her flat head, came and said she wished to take us down to the cotton fields. We were delighted for it was cotton picking time. Although we had often heard her say how many things she was going to buy when cotton picking time came, we had never visited the fields. While we were busy getting our sun bonnets tied, Aunt Cindy said, "Missis, how old did ye say I wus last spring?" Mother said that she did not remember, but would see from an old book, covered with brown leather, in which grandfather had kept the names and births of all his slaves. "You are sixty-seven Aunt Cindy," said mother. "Sixty-seven, sixty-seven," repeated Aunt Cindy."

Then we set off for a long walk through the beautiful autumn woods, with all kinds of variegated leaves for a shelter, and the slippery pine needles for a carpet. On one side were the crimson red leaves of the sour-wood trees, hanging over low yellow chin-

quapin bushes. And on the other were tall sweet-gum trees, that sent down showers of dark-red and yellow leaves upon us as the wind whistled through their tops. Elizabeth, my sister, found hanging on a bush near the path a curious brown, silky bag. It was about two inches long and was so hard that it could not be mashed. We all wished to know what it was. Aunt Cindy told us that it was the house of a little silk worm, and if we broke the twig and hung it in the house, a beautiful butterfly would work its way out, next spring. She added that the butterfly would then lay on some green leaves, a great number of eggs, which would hatch into worms just like the one in the silky bag.

Finally we reached the large cotton field. It was a beautiful sight to stand at one end of the field and look down the straight white rows, over a mile in length. Palmetto hats were seen bobbing up here and there in the tall cotton, for we had detained Aunt Cindy on our way, and the field was now full of pickers. Aunt Cindy got out her little bags and hung one across each of our shoulders. Then we followed her up and down the long rows pulling out the soft cotton from the lower bolls, while she picked the higher ones. All at once Aunt Cindy looked troubled, and I said, "What is the matter, Aunt Cindy?" Then she said, "Uh, uh, you know I dun forget already how old Missis said I wus!" We told her not to trouble over that for we could soon find that out again. We thought it was great fun to see who could fill her bag first. Then came the packing. We emptied our bags into a large cotton basket and one of us would get in and bounce on the cotton until it was rammed tight.

After some time we heard the big plantation bell. We knew that meant it was twelve o'clock and that wagons would soon come to haul the many baskets of cotton to the gin, near the house. By the time we had finished packing our baskets the wagons came. After the baskets were put in the wagon, Aunt Cindy lifted us in and placed each one in the middle of a basket of soft cotton. In this way we rode home, after a joyful morning in the cotton field with Aunt Cindy.



WOMEN WORKERS. .

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Miss Estes is acting sheriff of Caldwell County, N. C., since the death of her father, who was elected to that office. The *Jefferson Record* says that Ashe County needs such an officer and adds: "The present sheriff of this county allows taxes to remain unpaid a year or two after they become due." Another State paper suggests that Miss Estes be allowed to rotate like the Superior Court judges.

Mrs. Harriet H. Davisson, of West Virginia, and Miss De Grafenreidt, of Georgia, are Special Agents sent out into the field by the United States Government to gather statistics for the Department of Commerce and Labor. They are the only women traveling agents of our government. Mrs. Davisson is a sister of Dr. Fort, of Oxford, N. C., and of Mrs. Joseph Jones, of Warren County.

Mrs. Frederic B. Schoff, chairman of the Women's Clubs of Pennsylvania, and the State Mothers' Congress, has been requested by Hon. Samuel J. Barrows, United States and International Prison Commissioner, to prepare a history of the Juvenile Court movement in Pennsylvania in which she has been a moving factor. This paper is asked for as a suggestion to other States in introducing the same system for child delinquents. The article has been completed by Mrs. Schoff. It is to be presented, with resolutions, by the secretary to Congress, and will afterwards be printed as a public document. Mrs. Schoff has recently prepared, at the request of Hon. Wilfred Powell, British Consul at Philadelphia, a statement of the methods and efficacy of the juvenile court as developed in Pennsylvania. This has been forwarded to Great Britain and its colonies, and it may be the means of introducing the system there.

The women of North Carolina should study this system and make it the work of their clubs to induce our legislators to adopt it among us. Then would not our State be disgraced by the presence of babies as convicts in our penitentiary as it is today.

Miss Vesta Simmons, a fifteen-year-old high school girl of Muncie, Ind., has won five diamond medals in oratorical contests.

Miss Helen M. Gould has enlarged and improved Woody Crest, the home for crippled children, which she has maintained for eight years near her home at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. During the summer double the number of children will be accommodated; competent teachers and nurses will be provided.

Mrs. Russell Sage is now president of Pascal Institute, New York. This institution was established several years ago as a free "trade school for girls." It is designed to give poor girls a chance to become skilled seamstresses and dressmakers.

Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt has started in Biltmore, N. C., a well-equipped school of domestic science where colored girls are taught to do all kinds of house work. There is a thorough course in plain and fancy cooking. The school includes kitchen, dining room, laundry, bed room and assembly room, and is intended as a model for similar schools wherever the negro abounds.

To Miss Sophie Wright has been awarded a silver loving cup, offered by the Progressive Union, an organization of representative men of New Orleans, to the citizen of that place who had done the greatest service to the city. Heretofore it has been given to public-spirited men who have made rich gifts to the city. This year the Progressive Union has decided that the personal service of a woman should rank as high as gifts of money or of property. Miss Wright, as head of a large school for girls, has exerted a far-reaching influence. Besides this, she opened, fifteen years ago, a free night school for working boys. This has grown to a magnitude which entitles it to be regarded as a great public benefaction.

## AMONG OURSELVES.

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MILLIE ARCHER, '04.

Spring is here. We Normal girls know it because the "Blue Books" have been out a month, and almost every day at chapel we sing, "Come and search for violets." If we do not sing "Violets" we sing, "Hark a Lord and Soulful Anthem."

Then too, Botany has begun. Freshmen, who, two weeks ago, were young and care free now have a tired look. They go to the woods armed with knives and baskets, and come back with flowers. Then the pressing begins.

Another reason that we know spring is here, Junior music is over and

"Calm as the night  
Deep as the sea  
Should be thy love for me"

has ceased to be sung.

A sure sign that spring is here, is that the Seniors have begun to struggle with their essays.

"Miss May Stewart at home to the Marshals of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Four of the State Normal College, Saturday evening, March 26th, at eight thirty o'clock.

"R. S. V. P."

This was the good news that met the eye of each marshal as she opened her mail on Monday morning. We were all delighted with the thought of being entertained and wrote Miss Stewart to that effect.

The Class of 1906, in their Freshman year in a debate decided that "Anticipation was greater than Realization." The marshals wish to inform their younger sisters that they made a mistake and,

if they are ever so fortunate as to be entertained as we were, will change their opinion.

We all struggled—no other word will express it—to look sweet. Our friends said we did, the other people had nothing to say. But no matter. When we reached Miss Stewart's home, we forgot to think of looks, in the fun of playing Pit.

The class flower is the violet and the colors are lavender and white. The color scheme was carried out in every detail. The marshals wore white and used the lavender regalia as sashes, the score cards were tied with lavender ribbon, the refreshments carried out the color scheme, and even the dog had a large lavender bow on his collar.

The score cards were very original and attractive. The pictures of the eleven marshals was on each one. The girls were "crazy" about them and the boys said they were the "cutest and prettiest thing they had ever seen and would not take \$100.00 for it."

But while we were admiring the score cards the bell rang. Pit was opened and the fun began. Miss Eugenia Harris won the prize, "Sir Mortimer." The refreshments were as toothsome as the score cards were attractive.

At 11:30, our car came and at Miss Kirkland's suggestion we said good night and came home to talk it over and over and over again.

On Friday evening, March 25, Dr. Kemp P. Battle, of the University of North Carolina, was a guest of the Cornelian Literary Society, of which he is a member, and delivered an interesting address on North Carolina history. The Cornelians, knowing Dr. Battle's worth as a speaker and as a North Carolina historian, graciously invited their sister Adelpheans to be present. Miss Mattie D. Williams introduced him as "former president of the University, professor of history, and the man of whom you have heard your brothers speak." After the lecture, each of us felt that we knew a great deal more about our State and that we were fortunate in hearing Dr. Battle.

Miss Julia Gray Hamlin gave her graduating concert in instrumental music on Friday evening, April 1st, in the College auditorium. Miss Hamlin was assisted by Mr. Brockmann—violinist, and Miss Olive Harris, soloist. All thoroughly enjoyed the music. The program was as follows :

1. SONATA . . . . . *Beethoven*  
(Known as "The Moonlight" Sonata.)  
Adagio—Allegretto—Presto agitato.
2. HUNGARY . . . . . *Moszkowski*  
GAVOTTE FROM MIGNON . . . . . *Thomas*  
Misses Eugenia Harris and Hamlin.
3. { RIGAUDON . . . . . }  
{ THE WATCHMAN'S SONG } . . . . . *Grieg*  
{ PAPILLON . . . . . }
4. ELEGIE . . . . . *Ernst*  
MAZURKA . . . . . *Musin*  
Mr. C. J. Brockmann.
5. SCARF DANCE . . . }  
A ROMANTIC PIECE. } . . . . . *Chaminade*
6. UNA VOCE POCO FA . . . . . *Rossini*  
Miss Olive Pearle Harris.
7. KAMENNOI OSTROW . . . . . *Rubinstein*  
BERCEUSE . . . . . *Chopin*

Every one who enjoys music is looking forward with interest and pleasure to the May Festival, which will be held on April 30. The Boston Festival Orchestra will be here. The prominent soloists who will take part in the festival are Clara Sexton, of Boston, soprano; Florence Mulford, of New York, alto; Frederick Martin of Boston, bass; and Holmes Cowper, of Chicago, tenor; local soloists are Mrs. Foushee, Miss Jamison, Mr. W. C. A. Hammill, and Mr. Duffy. Risigneri, who, for the past five years has been studying at Vienna under Lechietizky, is the pianist. The Boston Company will be assisted by a chorus of seventy Greensboro people and also by the College Glee Club. Special rates will be given by railroads for this festival.

Miss Blount, travelling secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association, recently spent several days with us and conducted prayer meeting.

Dr. Crawford conducted Sunday evening service for us and made an interesting talk. Mr. Foust also spoke to us at evening service on Sunday and all of us enjoyed his talk. Our friend, Mr. Lee, a missionary to South America, held a prayer service for us. We always enjoy Mr. Lee's talks.

Dr. Kennedy, a former resident physician of our college, was with us for chapel exercises recently and spoke to us for a few minutes. She thanked us for being so good as to grant her request to sing "The Old North State" and "Come and Search for Violets." Mrs. Bitting, Dr. Kennedy's mother, was also present.

Misses Mary Taylor Moore, of Salisbury, Daisy Randall, of Durham, and Cora Pannill, of Reidsville, were at the college recently visiting friends.

Mr. H. E. C. Bryant, of Charlotte, has been up to see his sister, Annie.

Just as the MAGAZINE goes to press, we, the editors, are saddened by a sorrow which has come to one whom we all love, Annie Belle Hoyle. She was called home by the death of a sister in Raleigh. Not only her co-workers on the MAGAZINE, but the students and Faculty will hear with pain the cause of her absence.

#### Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

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KATE BORDEN, '05.

The distance from our new dining room to the chapel has made it impossible for us to conduct our daily services during the twenty minutes between tea and study hour. Instead we have service three times a week, on Tuesday, Friday and Sunday evenings. President McIver has permitted us to use ten minutes of study hour on Tuesday evening. Because of the fewer meetings, we try to secure the best leaders possible. Mr. Lee has again favored us with a helpful talk. On Sunday evening, March 27, Dr. Crawford showed us how the paths of knowledge lead to the unfolding of the laws of the Creator.

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Miss Mina Lou Blount, the secretary of the Student Volunteer Band, has spent several days with us. Her work was to show us the relation between the association work and missionary development, to suggest plans for the extension of our missionary department, and to create in our association a deeper interest in missions. Within the next two years she hopes to take a position as teacher in Japan.

Dona Angelita da Silva will sail from Brazil in about three months. Between the date of her arrival and the opening of college, she will be comfortably located in Greensboro. She will be known familiarly to us as Angelita. In her college in Brazil, she was a hard student, and "everybody's friend." She will probably be able to enter the Freshman class, as she can already speak English. In order that she may know as much as possible of this college, our catalogue and association hand-book have been sent to her. One of her friends from Brazil will be a neighbor in Greensboro Female College.

ALUMNÆ AND FORMER STUDENTS.

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JULIA GRAY HAMLIN, '04.

Providence Rural Graded School, Randolph County, has secured Hon. Charles B. Aycock to deliver an address at its closing exercises, Friday, April 15, 1904. An orchestra from Greensboro, led by Prof. Charles J. Brockmann, will furnish music. This school has the distinction of being the first rural graded school established in the county. The experiment has been successful. The patrons are well pleased with the school. Miss Etta Staley, principal of the school, is one of our alumnæ of '00.

Annie Stewart, '02, is teaching at Marshville.

Catherine Pace, '02, is teaching in the graded school of Wilson.

Annie Plonk is at her home in Gastonia.

Annie Mallison is at her home in Washington, N. C.

Josie Saxton is teaching in the Morganton graded school.

Lucy Booth has recently closed her school at Satterwhite and is now at her home at Stem, Granville County.

Laura Hairston is in school at Salem Female Academy.

Eunice Farmer is teaching at Saratoga near Wilson.

Meta Winstead is studying music in Washington, D. C.

Mattie Dunlap is teaching at Cedar Hill.

Willie Dunn has a position at Henderson.

Martha Brown is teaching at Leggett.

The following are teaching in the graded schools of Salisbury: Susie Sanders, Nita Watson '02, Sadie Klutz '02, Jessie Lawrence.

Bessie Austin is teaching at Inez.



Mary Scott Monroe, Florence Meyerberg and Annie Beaman, of the class of '02, are teaching in the graded schools of Goldsboro.

Mrs. Chas. L. Coon, nee Carrie Sparger '02, is assisting her husband in the Model School at Concord, Tenn.

May Styron is stenographer for Mr. Crumper, of Washington, N. C.

Mildred Davis is teaching in the graded schools of Wilmington.

Birdie McKinney is teaching at Reidsville.

Nannie Barnes is studying music and French at her home at Taylor.

Pearl Baugham is teaching a private school at Rich Square.

Lillian Waldrop was, for a few months, assistant teacher in the primary department of the Hendersonville graded school.

Bessie Wall is teaching near Henrietta, Rutherford County.

Ella Jacobs is studying at her home in Wilmington.

Henrietta Fagan is teaching at Plymouth.

Mary Winborne is teaching in St. Paul's school at Beaufort.

Annie Vaughan has a position as stenographer in Washington, N. C.

Mattie Caldwell has charge of the school at Lemon Springs, Moore County, N. C. Dixie Lee Caldwell is assistant teacher in the same school.

Mary Newbold is teaching at Creswell.

Elva Crump is taking a business course at Bristol, Tenn.

#### MARRIAGES.

Mamie Hines was married in the fall to Mr. Walter LaRoque, of Wilson.

Lee McNeely was married during the past winter to Mr. Robert King, and is now living in Charleston, S. C.

## EXCHANGES.

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ANNIE BELLE HOYLE '04.

The *Converse Concept* for March is one of the most interesting numbers of that magazine that we have seen. It contains a number of stories and short sketches, nearly all of which are well written. "The Advantages of Diplomacy over War" and "The Russo-Japanese Embroglio" are articles of general interest. "The Most Prominent American Fiction Writers of the Present Day" is a good article and shows that the writer has done some thoughtful reading. "Love's Anniversary Song" is a beautiful little poem.

The *Catawba College Educator* is improving. The standard of the work seems better than the work last year. "Associations and the College Man," although a rather old subject, is treated in an interesting way. The department of Current Events is well arranged. The subjects mentioned are briefly but clearly presented. "Caught in a Snow Storm" is an interesting sketch.

A new exchange has lately come to us, *The Lenoirian*. Although there is apparently not much material in it contributed by the students except the short departments it contains two good editorials, "Accuracy" and "Success and Failure." The former would be particularly helpful to college students.

*The Richmond College Messenger* gives first place to a poem, "The Withered Flower." We notice that the writer of this poem has a story also in this number. The poem is better than the story, which, although entertaining, is quite improbable. "The Individual in Politics" is a strong article, emphasizing the importance of being a man, with an individual opinion, before becoming a partisan. The editorials in the magazine are good.

*The Clemson College Chronicle* contains an essay on the subject, "Does College Education Pay." It is a strong argument, well developed, to prove, of course, that college education does pay. "Welded by Dan Cupid" is remarkably original for a college magazine love story.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

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TEMPE H. DAMERON, '04.

On February 1, Elihu Root retired from the cabinet and William H. Taft became Secretary of War.

On January 27, Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, was relieved from responsibility for the Iroquois Theatre fire by a writ of habeas corpus.

On February 4, Mayor McClellan ordered six New York theatres to be closed because of the failure to comply with the requirements made in behalf of the public safety.

Dr. Manuel Amador was made President of Panama Feb. 15.

On February 1, some Cubans covered with mud the shield of the United States consulate at Cienfuegos. Minister Squiers demands these rioters' arrest and punishment.

Sir Graham Berry, late premier of Victoria, died January 25, in his eighty-first year.

On January 28, General Joseph Darr, a well-known veteran of the Civil War, died in his eighty-eighth year.

Dr. Phoebe J. B. Wait, one of the pioneer women of the medical profession of this country, died January 30.

Joseph Hoffmann, the well-known Austrian artist, died Jan. 31.

William C. Whitney, of New York, the ex-Secretary of the Navy, died January 31.

The n-rays, which were recently discovered by a French naturalist, M. Bohn, are found in solar and other lights, and are also given off by the animal organism. According to the author, the solar n-rays which cannot penetrate fresh water are so stimulating to the vision that salt water animals practically become blind in fresh water and therefore avoid it.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

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SADIE L. DAVIS, '05.

Two Freshmen were studying French and a passer-by overheard the following conversation:

1st Freshman: "This is the hardest sentence. I can't translate it."

2nd Freshman: "Oh it is just one of those '*idiotic*' expressions that the French use so much." We presume that the young lady meant "*idiomatic*."

In Physical Geography examination the following answer was given to the question, "What is the Polar System?" "The Polar System consists of the sun, moon, stars, lakes, rivers, mountains, and islands."

In Botany—

Teacher: "What is on the head of a pistil?" Silence from the class. "Well, what is on the head of a deer then?"

Miss S.— (quickly) "Pompadour!"

It would be well to suggest to the young lady that "deer" does not always mean a "dear."

It is lovely to get double violets, but one of the seniors says that all the sweetness is taken from their beauty and from the kind thoughts, when the express man comes to collect a quarter on the express a few days later.

1st small boy: "Mama what is little sister made of—microbes?"

2nd small boy: "Oh, bruver, you know they are not *your* crobes, they are *her* crobes."

## SHE AND I.

We walked along together  
She and I,  
We were loving one another  
She and I.  
All the earth was golden,  
We told the story olden,  
She and I.  
'Twas the fairest day in June  
But we heeded not the weather,  
'Twas enough to be together  
She and I.

K. F. '05.

In the days of Æneas, Sybil guided the man to the home of  
"Old Nick," but now things have been changed and an "Old  
Nick" is guiding a Normal girl to Sybil.

## NOTHING DOING.

We went to Cupid's garden,  
We wandered o'er the land,  
The moon was shining brightly,  
I held her little—*shawl*.  
Yes, I held her little shawl,  
How fast the evening flies,  
We spoke in tones of love,  
I gazed into her—*lunch basket*.  
I gazed into the basket,  
I wished I had a taste,  
There sat my lovely charmer,  
My arm around her—*umbrella*.  
Embracing her umbrella,  
This charming little miss,  
Her eyes were full of mischief,  
I slyly stole a—*sandwich*.—*Ex.*  
There ain't no use to grumble,  
For grumbling won't assuage  
The gnawing in a fellow  
That's helpless in his rage.

There ain't no use to worry,  
 Nor pout nor fret nor whine,  
 For while others eat the fruits of life,  
 You'll be a gnawing on the rind.  
 So why not be an optimist  
 And smile instead of frown,  
 For a smilin'-spirited mortal  
 Is the kind that fate can't down.—*Ex.*

Practice-school Teacher (In geography class): "Jamie, what is in front of you?"

Jamie: "The north."

Teacher: "Correct. Now, what is behind you?"

Jamie: "The south."

Teacher: "Good; now, what is on your right hand?"

Jamie: "Please'm, that's some mud I got on it at recess, and I ain't had time to wash it off."

#### TO THE GIRL WHO TALKS IN HER SLEEP.

I lay in my bed at midnight,  
 As the clock was striking twelve,  
 Trembling and shaking with affright,  
 I was awaked by an awful yell,  
 And in a tent two doors from mine,  
 I heard, "I will be thine, forever thine,  
 And we'll not part in the coming years,  
 So why shed thou these priceless tears?"  
 The night patrol in the lobby sat,  
 And she *patrolled* on hearing that,  
 At the tent she stopped two doors away  
 And made that girl on her left side lay.

L. S. '05.

#### THE FRESHMAN'S QUICK ANSWER.

The Botany teacher had been trying in vain  
 The organs of a Flower to a freshman explain.  
 "The Pistil," said he, growing impatient the while,  
 "Consists of three parts: The Ovary, Stigma and Style."

"Now, say it!" he, in a loud tone, said,  
And from the exertion his face grew quite red.  
The frightened freshman very meekly repeated,  
And to her great relief was told to be seated.

The teacher then turned to the board in a hurry  
And stood marking for a quarter of an hour,  
As a result he produced in a flurry,  
What he called an "Organ of a Flower."

"Now," said he, "Give your attention to me,  
This organ I have drawn consists of parts three,  
The three parts taken together form the Pistil complete,  
For emphasis, this fact I will repeat:

A body of soldiers, an army, we call;  
One member of the army is a soldier—that's all."  
When this fact the Freshman had learned,  
To the object on the board the teacher again turned.

With his finger on the board, he said with a sigh,  
I'll see now if you remember what I told you."  
With accents stern he asked, "What's this?"  
That Freshman meekly replied, "*A Soldier.*"

Ye teachers of Language,  
And History, too,  
Of hard Mathematics  
And Science so true,  
And all the hard studies  
That stand in the way  
'Tween Freshman's first entrance  
And Senior class-day.  
Come listen a moment  
To my little strain;  
Turn back in your mem'ries  
To school days again,  
Think how you then struggled  
With Latin and Greek,  
And long logarithms  
That made your flesh creep.

Consider the struggles  
Which you then passed through,  
You're inflicting these troubles  
On us poor girls too.  
Now, pray look about you  
And find if you can,  
A way you may lighten  
These "burdens of man."

I. V. C. '05



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EDITORIALS.

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This issue of the MAGAZINE is peculiarly a student's number since all the matter comes from their pens. Our publication, however, is not intended solely as a medium of communication for students. Its pages are open to the Faculty and to all friends who have a message which will interest or benefit our college world or those who are in touch with us.

If much of the work in this number is crude or the thought immature our older readers will recall the years that are gone and remember that the fruits of research and the appearance of originality can come but to those who have delved long and patiently.

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We are in earnest here in our study of North Carolina history. We want to know what our ancestors did and how they did it. For this reason we publish the notices of two prizes offered for historical papers.

The work will be worth more than the money offered in either case. The information gained, the discipline of earnest effort, the arousing of patriotism, will, separately, far more than repay one for entering the competition.

The prize offered by the North Carolina Historical Commission for the best biography of any North Carolinian offers a most attractive field, since there is not a county in the State in whose annals one may not find the record of a noble life. Not all have won fame. Many more have lived at home striving for the uplift of their neighbors than have gone out to guide the destinies of the nation. Andrew Jackson, Thomas Benton, James K. Polk, Braxton Bragg, Andrew Johnson, Hannis Taylor, Hoke Smith, Joe Cannon, Paul Barringer, Edwin Alderman, and a host of other North Carolinians will find biographers without lack. We honor them, but in our pride in their acknowledged greatness, let us not forget those who

have staid at home and who have won for our State the distinction that her name is a synonym for honesty.

Let some of our students tell of the men who snatched North Carolina and her University from the hands of the Reconstruction Vandals. Let them tell of the men who have taught our boys to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. Study the career of those who control the giant machinery whose music sounds throughout our borders. Write of the men who have given us good roads, thus bringing the world to the door of thousands who before had toiled in the lonely fields or cabins till reason fled and the starved mind died in the half-starved body.

Tell of the men who have made North Carolina another name for educational progress. And still others may write of those whose pens have warned and scored the offenders against law and citizenship till wrong is righted and the people find justice.

There are others whose pens never scathe, yet are ever on the side of purity and truth—the poets, the dreamers, the enthusiasts. Without these, life is like the desert of our great West, till the tiny silver stream from a distant spring is guided over the barren wastes. Like an artist touching the brown canvas, so the water touches the desert and so the poet touches life. It was bare, ashen, heart-breaking. It is fresh, green, joyous.

Such an one whom we all loved has just answered “the clear call,” Isaac Erwin Avery has crossed the bar. His work among us is done after a very little while, it seems to us. Yet we cannot measure work by years. He gave us many fair, sweet thoughts which will come again and again through days of trial, and the trial will seem lighter. They will come in days of hope, and the hopes will be brighter. They will come when the hopes shall have been fulfilled, and the realization will be gladder. So we cannot say that his work has been cut short. Almost his last words were:

“The violets again—little wet violets—and there is the clean, sweet breath of spring. One would lift his head and drink deep—taste this sweetness, this grateful freshness that is about. There is

a quicker leap of life, and Nature seems to stir with a kind of tenderness. There is deeper glow on the faces of children—easier happiness on a tiny, nestling face. \* \* Girlhood comes to outward whiteness again—the cool, crisp sign of spring. And in all is the subtle charm of violets—little, human, tremulous things, gentle as love's whisper, pure as purity. Restful, quaint little flower too—simple, appealing. \* \* Flower to lay on a baby that has died—to give a seemly tribute to womanhood—to press against the face as easement for tired heart. \* \* Such a dear, peaceful little flower, all alone in flower land—emblem of the world's simplest and best, and waiting to mock a false face or adorn the beauty that comes from the soul."

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The habit of always doing one's best enters into the very marrow of one's heart and character. It affects one's bearing, one's self-possession. The man who does everything to a finish has a feeling of serenity. He is not easily thrown off his balance. He has nothing to fear, and he can look the world in the face because he feels conscious that he has not put shoddy into anything, that he has had nothing to do with shams and that he has always done his level best. The sense of efficiency, of being master of one's craft, of being equal to any emergency, the consciousness of possessing the ability to do with superiority whatever one undertakes, will give soul satisfaction which a half-hearted, slipshod worker never knows.

When a man feels throbbing within him the power to do what he undertakes as well as it can possibly be done and all his faculties say "Amen" to what he is doing and give their unqualified approval to his efforts—this is happiness, this is success. This buoyant sense of power spurs the faculties to their fullest development. It unfolds the mental, the moral and the physical forces, and this very growth, the consciousness of an expanding mentality and of a broadening horizon, gives an added satisfaction beyond the power of words to describe. It is a realization of nobility, the divinity of the mind.—Success.

The MAGAZINE wishes to call the attention of our students to the prize offered by Dr. C. Alphonzo Smith, Professor of English in our State University.

He writes to President McIver: "I wish to make the following offer to the students of the State Normal and Industrial College:

"I will pay one fourth of the year's expenses to that student in any class, who shall write the best essay on *North Carolina in Fiction*, provided there are as many as three contestants. The essay will discuss (1) What material North Carolina offers the historical novelist, and (2) To what extent this material has been utilized.

"Sincerely yours,

C. ALPHONSO SMITH."

It is worth while for several reasons for students to compete for this prize. The research and study will be valuable, and whoever wins the \$25.00 will receive also from the Scholarship Fund provided by the General Education Board, \$25.00. This will be about half the annual expenses of a free tuition student at the College.

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### THE NORTH CAROLINA HISTORICAL COM- MISSION PRIZE.

Our girls will do well also to compete for the prize offered by the North Carolina Historical Commission.

At a recent meeting of the Historical Commission it was decided to offer three prizes of an hundred dollars each to promote the discovery and investigation of the sources of North Carolina history. These may be found in the State and Colonial records, newspaper files, court and church records, public libraries and museums, private libraries and old letters and manuscripts. To this end there was offered: one prize of an hundred dollars for the best history of any decade between 1781 and 1861 (excluding the period from 1791 to 1801 and from 1831 to 1841); one prize of an hundred dollars for the best history of any county in North Carolina; one prize of an hundred dollars for the best biography of any North Carolinian.

The following are the rules governing the contests for the history prizes:

1. All sketches and histories must be completed and filed with the Secretary of the Commission by the first day of November, 1904. They should be in typewriting or written in a clear and legible hand. They should be simple and connected in style; authorities for facts stated should be given at the bottom of each page.

2. Due credit will be given for correct copies of valuable unpublished documents, records, maps, and portraits, relating to the subject under treatment; and where these are not essential in their entirety, to the development of the sketch or history, they still may often be appropriately added as appendices, and the value of the copies so added may be increased by having them duly certified or their authenticity attested.

3. Every manuscript should be signed by its author in some fictitious name, and he or she should send to the Secretary of the

Commission, in a sealed envelope, his or her real name and address.

4. All sketches, manuscripts, maps, portraits, records and copies of such, are submitted with the understanding that they shall be the property of the Commission to be used as they may see fit, but the author or person submitting or sending them shall also be permitted to use and publish copies of the same.

5. No prize shall be awarded for any manuscript in any of the contests unless in the judgment of the commission and of any whom they may select as judges of the contest, it shall attain to a reasonable standard of importance and excellence in matter and in the manner of its execution.

6. One purpose being to encourage at this time the study of subjects hitherto less considered, it is desired that the biographies be confined to subjects whose careers were finished by 1860.

Any person desiring to enter the contests can procure a copy of the rules governing the same from the Secretary of Commission. The Commission will appreciate originals and copies, and any information of valuable records, manuscripts, letters, maps and portraits, and safe repository will be provided for their preservation. When originals cannot be parted with, provision is made by the Commission for having them copied and safely returned to their owners.

(Signed) W. J. PEELE, Chairman,  
Raleigh, N. C.

(Signed) R. D. W. CONNOR, Secretary,  
Wilmington, N. C.

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